Monday, May 7th.

Best Apron

Monday morning we shall offer 100 pieces very finest Apron Check Ginghams, very best quality; brown, blue, green checks, SMALL CHECKS only, worth 8 1-8c, for 6 1-4c a yard.

Scotch Ginghams 150

We have a complete line of new styles in fine genuine "Rock" guality Scotch Ginghams, plaids and plain colors, worth 25c, for 18c a yard.

32-INCH

Scotch Ginghams

These are the widest and best goods imported. Plaids, Checks, and plain colors. Anderson's best goods. Imported to retail for 87 1-2c to 45c. Next week for 25c.

light and dark figures, checks, and dots, worth 25c. For 12 1-2c

French Percales, 15c.

36 inches wide; the very best goods imported. Recent purchases enable us to sell these handsome styles for 15c. They cost 20e to import.

Four Hundred Pound Fred Krull Expires Suddenly at Centerville.

A COFFIN MADE FOR HIS CORPSE.

Ida Alexander Wants a Divorce-Horse Thieves Get Away With Two Animals - A Family Quarrel in the Courts.

LINCOLN BUREAU OF THE OMAHA BEE,

1029 P STHERT, LINCOLN, May 5. The news reached the city to-day of death of Fred Krull, who lives in Centrevilte precinct. Mr. Krull is known to many in Lincoln on account of his long residence in the county, but more particularly from the fact that he was undoubtedly the largest man in Nebraska. Mr. Krull was about five feet eight inches in height, but he weighed over 400 pounds, a weight he has carried for a number of years. Besides him Fred Micklewait, the popular Missouri Pacific conductor. would look like a small man, and the great size of Mr. Krull always attracted attention when he was in the city. death was very sudden and heart disease. He was sitting at the supper table last night and was just in the act of drinking his fourth cup of coffee, when, without warning, he fell forward against the table dead. When friends came to the city yesterday to secure a coffin they found it impossible to get one large enough and an order had to be left at the planing mill for one to be made. Fred Krull was one of the earliest homesteaders in this county when the Indian was abroad in numbers more numerous than the whites; he was a prosperous farmer and bad amassed a com-

fortable competency, and was well liked and respected among his friends and neighbors. WANTS A DIVORCE.

Ida Alexander has brought suit against her husband, Henry Alexander, praying for the dissolution of the matrimonial bonds that exists between them. The plaintiff recites that they were married at Indianapolis, Ind. in 1856, and that very shortly thereafter she Bund her husband was addicted to intoxiding drinks; that he was almost continually drunk and amused himself by threatening to beat and shoot her. The plaintiff further states that the defendant was perfectly able to support her, but contributed neither habor nor means for her maintenance, and ended by deserting her, leaving her to carn her own

support.

J. A. Buckstaff, the owner of the old Metropolitan hotel building that burned about a year ago, has brought suit against the insurance companies that had policies written on the building. The companies and policies were: The German-American, \$1,500; the Firemen's Fund, \$1,500; and the Liverpool, London and Globe for \$1,950. The building was unoccupied when burned and the cause of the fire unknown, and the insurance companies have refused to settle the loss, hence panies have refused to settle the loss, hence

HORSE THIEVES ABROAD. On the night of May 3 a horse thief en-tered the barn of H. Spellman, who lives four miles from Centerville in this county. He looked over Mr. Spellman's stock, se-lected a gray mare three years old and a handsome bay for a mate, and departed on his journey. When Mr. Spellman discovered the loss he sought for a trace of the thieves but found none. The sheriff of the county but found none. The sheriff of the county was then notified, and he has issued cards and taken steps to catch the thief, offering \$50 reward on the part of the county. To this Mr. Spellman adds \$50 more, and the \$100 is waiting for the man that captures the

A FAMILY QUARREL In justice court Friday a family quarrel, in which an aged man was badly beaten by his son, was on trial: The parties involved live in Centerville precinct, this county, and the lestimony showed a great deal of inhumanity

16 Cents. GREAT

Dress Goods BARGAIN!

Our New York buyer recently closed out from Messrs. R. B. Mc Lea & Co. 50 pieces of neat checks in summer colors, Twilled De Beiges that cost 271-2c a yard to import. We shall offer the lot for 16 cents a yard.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED. S. P. MORSE & CO.

Made to order by

ECROYD & CO., Bradford, England, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction in wear. They are 86 inches wide and the only genuine fine colored Henrietta Cloth in Omaha. Warranted not to slip on the warp or fray out.

42 inches wide, Tan, Beige, Navy and Cream white pure wool; were ordered from Europe by a New York importer to sell for \$1.00 a yard. Our price next

Buttericks Patterns.

carry every pattern in every size cut by the Butterick Pattern Company in our stock, and mail orders will receive prompt attention.

seems that the old gentleman, whose name is Buetgenbach, had trouble with his wife over the shutting of a door, and after a season of quibbling between them, his wife held the lamp when his son, a powerful man, took a revolver, knocked the old man down and beat him over the head and face in a shameful manner. The case occupied the attention of the court nearly the entire day, and the son was fined \$25. He refused to pay and appealed the case to the district court.

The Lincoln building association, organized a short time ago, is an assured success twenty-seven of the thirty shares being already taken. The directors will hold a meeting Monday evening preparatory to

active work.

The Y. M. C. A. of this state will build a thousand dollar building on the Crete Chautanqua funds this summer. A plan of the building is at the rooms of the association here and it will be one of the handsomest of the many on the grounds.

Among the new industries launching forth

in this city is a new planing mill that will be built and put in operation at as early a day as possible. The gentleman who will own and operate it is D. R. McCurdy, who is now away purchasing the machinery.

The board of trade directors will hold a meeting Monday evening. It will be the first

meeting under the new administration and important work for the year will be planned. The Lincoln & Des Moines railroad seems to be one of the booms that is forgotten the present spring. It is understood that it is sleeping pending the long rate war and other railroad moves of importance, but the talk of the Rock Island may be a cue to the new

There were a number of doubts expressed as to the ability of the foundation to the dome at the capitol building standing the weight of the iron now going in place. The settling of the foundation was noted some time since, and of late there has been additional evidence that the pressure is too heavy.

too heavy.

A BASE BALL REPORTER'S MISTAKE.

"John Fitzgerald, president of the National league, Lincoln, Neb.," is what is inscribed upon the register of the Grand Pacific hotel, says the Chicago Times. That was enough for the reporter, and he said: "Here is a chance to get some first-class points on the base ball season." His card went up, and presently he was told to follow it to Mr. Fitzgerald's room. The visitor could not help thurking that Mr. Fitzgerald was not his idea of a man for president of was not his idea of a man for president of the National base ball league, but he started in brayely, just the same, by asking:

"What are the prospects of the league for the coming season, Mr. Fitzgerald?" "Fir-r-rs rate," replied Mr. Fitzgerald. 'We're stronger than iver."
"And who'll get the pennant?" "The phat!"

"The pennant"
"Divil wan av me knows," returned Mr. Fitzgerald. I mean who will come out ahead!"

"Oh, we will, av course." "Oh, we will, av course."
"Who do you mean by 'we!"
"The Oirish. Who the divil clse!"
"Oh, yes, very good, of course," said the
reporter, who inwardly confessed he couldn't
see what Mr. Fitzgerald was driving at. He
continued:

'Where will Chicago be?"

'Chicaggy I'' Whint 'At the end of the season." "Roight phare it is. Ax me an asy one?"
"And Boston!"

Boston! 'Yos." 'Phare'll it be!" 'At the end of the season !"

"On Massachoosetts bay, av coorse. Now, me young feller, that's an ould gag, so it is. We had that out in Nebraska last year." "Well, how about Kelly!" "What, Moike!"

"Yes," said the reporter, greatly relieved. "He's run in." "Run in! "Yis. He jumped a land claim near Benkleman an' they run him in."

"What, Mike Kelly, the ball player, of Moike Kelly, the saloon keeper, of

Grand Island. "What do you think of Clarkson going to Boston! Nothing at all, at all." "I thought as president of the National

Monday morning we shall offer 25 gross of Cashmere Boquet Soap at the low price of 15 cents a cake. Our customers can purchase 8 cakes. We limit the quantity in order that all may get some and to keep it out of the hands of dealers.

8 pieces Regatta Black Silks, in the same quality that have been sold so freely at \$1.00 a yard. Monday and next week for 69c

24-INCH

This is fully warranted to give satisfaction in wear; it is made by Alex Giraud & Co., Lyons, and will be found both heavy and durable.

ALEX. GIRAUD & CO.'S DOUBLE WARP

\$1.00 Per Yard.

This is a special bargain in fine Black French Surah; worth \$1.50

Double warp, very lustrous and fine. This is equal to any \$2 Black Surah Silk ever sold. Our price \$1.25.

base ball league you would have some idea with his revolver in hand. "Base ball fiddlesticks! I thought you were wrong. I'm no base ballist, I'm the No ngni hottest land leaguer in the country. It's t National land league I'm the president of." take you at the Wells."

COONEY.

Philadelphia News: The "Rio Colorado" is a small river which forms the southern extremety of the salty, sandy reach lying between what was "Kings'

ranch" and the city of Brownsville. To the north of a far-reaching waste dazzled the eyes with the whiteness of its crystalized sands, while vast prairies of mesquite grass, dotted at inter-vals with clusters of stunted trees, skirted its southern bank. To the west the horizon was cut by the black line of the Guadalupe mountains.

The sun was yet two hours high, and the Brownsville road, after it had cut its way through the northern bank of the river, seemed to form a long winding trail which lost itself in the hazy whiteness of the desert.

The "Colorado" was at its lowest stage and fordable. Five specks were approaching from the north, five black moving spots in

the vast expanse. They were five herders or Rio Grande men, well mounted and armed, riding at the fastest road pace to which their beasts could be urged. As they neared the river four stopped while one rode to the edge of the bank. The latter scan-ned up and down for a few seconds and inspected the tracks at the ford; apparently satisfied with the outlook, he re-

turned to his companions. Three Mexicans and two Americans formed the company, but they were all "Anything in sight?" asked one of the Americans from the returning Mex-

"No, captain," answered the Mex-"I saw no fresh tracks at the

ican. ford." "The rangers must have struck for the Laredo road," said the captain, "and we will have time to cross the Rio Grande. No doubt Cooney gave us away

to them. As he expected us to run to the north, he started the rangers on the wrong trail." The five men were cattle runners and prairie pirates, running to and fro from either side of the Rio Grande. They immediately moved on, and were soon

across the river.

"Push up," said the captain, "it is nearly night, and we must camp at the Wells, so as to be able to cross the Rio

Grande early in the morning."

The horses, as if refreshed by traveling on the soft, matted grass, accelerated their pace, and when the Wells were reached there was still enough light to allow them to fix their camp for the night.

The Wells, as they were called, was boggy pond in the midst of a bunch of mesquite timber. The herders had dug around the stagnant water several wells for the use of their stock. It was some-what out of the way from the main road, and frequented only by herders and

roaming, lawless riders.

The hobbled horses were turned loose for the night, and a fire was made, around which the men stretched themselves, munching some jerked beef and some cold tortillas. Some time had clapsed, and the night

was well on, when the sudden yelping of the coyotes of the surrounding timber aroused the men. It indicated that either the coyotes were on a chase of some defenseless animal or that a human being was passing through the prairie, but before the campers could prepare themselves a rider was on them, his horse answering the neighing of the hobbled animals. All of the five

\$:Morse&Co \$:Morse&Co \$:Morse&Co \$:Morse&Co \$:Morse&Co \$:Morse&Co \$:Morse&Co \$:Morse&Co "KING" Shirt Waists.



Monday we shall show our entire stock of these goods; they are the best fitting, best made waists made; have all hand made but-ton holes and patent "hold-fast"

MAIL ORDERS FILLED. S. P. MORSE & CO.

COLORED SURAH SILKS. \$1.00.

We have a beautiful line of colors in these. Grey, Tans, Gobelin, Copper. Olive, &c. They have entirely superseded summer silks.

Black and White CHECK SURAH SILKS, \$1.00.

All woven with a double warp so that they will not slip or pull out at the seams. All sizes checks

New Grenadines.

Our entire stock is now in. We have some choice qualities in the always desirable Black Iron Frame Grenadine at \$1,

and \$1,25, and Black Beaded Grenadine at \$2.50, \$3, \$3,50, \$4 and \$5.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED.

campers were up in an instant, each come . "It's I, Cooney! I tracked you to the river, and I knew I could over-

"Ah, my man!" answered the captain. you were always mighty good on a trial, but you may have struck a wrong scent. Glad to see you back again. Dis mount and hobble out your horse." Cooney did as directed, and joining the group he squatted before the fire in the place made vacant for him.

"Have you brought your rations with you?" asked the captain of Cooney. The company had all turned their eyes on Cooney, who answered, uneas-

"No, I eat at the ranch of Los Animas and as I was anxious to overtake you all, I left my rations so as not to overload my horse." "Did you see McLean and his rangers?" asked the captain in a whin-

ing, soft voice. "I struck the ranch after they had left," answered Cooney. "You lie!" yelled the captain as he straightened himself, revolver in hand, which he leveled at Cooney, adding: the company moved on, gradually clos-You are now on a scout for them, ex-

pecting to betray us."

The whole company rose up, five re volvers glistening at Cooney. The fire, which had been kept up in a bright blaze, illuminated the whole scene. Cooney raised himself, his hands hanging by his side; he knew that the least movement would send five bullets through him.

"Now, Cooney," said the captain, "no more lying; you have betrayed us and you are now on an errand of treach-Hold up your hands!"

Cooney held up his hands.
"Boys," added the captain, "cover him with your barrels while I tie him." The captain went to his saddle and untying his lariat, he stepped behind Cooney, whose hands he took down and fastened securely behind his

Then facing Cooney, he said:
"Now, Cooney, let us hear what you have to say. Your hours are short, unless you can show us that you are straight." "I have nothing to say," answered

Cooney, looking fearlessly at his confederates. "You have seen me face death often enough to know that I am not afraid to die." The other American interrupted him: "None of your tongue, Cooney; we all know how slippery you are. Come to the point. How comes it, that instead of your meeting us at Los Animas, the rangers were there waiting for us? If it hadn't been for Pedro Concha, we would have been trapped. He met us would have been trapped. He met us some two miles beyond, and he said you

"Auswer that!" yelled the American.
"Pedro lied," answered Cooney.
"Well, we will search you," said the aptain, "the proofs must be on you,

either in money or papers."

While talking, Cooney had gradually slipped his right hand through the knotted lariat, and he had succeeded in disentangling it, unseen by the rest; with his elbows he had slipped his revolver scabbard close to his hand.

As the captain stepped toward Cooney the latter, quick as a flash,

drew his pistol on him, and at its report the captain sank to the ground with a yell, Cooney's bullet crashing through his head. Before Cooney could move his hand from its aim he was covered by the pis-

tols of the remaining four men, and he fell, pierced by the four bullets, on the The four freebooters did not remain

live special lots in imported Embroidered Robes, recently purchased from the manufacturer's agent at

ONE-THIRD OFF

regular prices. These robes will be displayed on our White Goods S. P. MORSE & CO. counter.

EMBROIDERED ROBES.

Lot 1 at \$1.75; worth \$2.50. Lot 2 at \$2.50; worth \$3.50. Lot 3 at \$3.50; worth \$4.75. Lot 4 at \$4.50; worth \$6.00. Let 5 at \$5.00; worth \$6.75.

All of the above robes contain 10 yards of plain material and 9 yards of embroidery. Although we have a large quantity, they cannot last long at the above greatly reduced prices.

Checked Nainsook, A Rare Bargain!

Monday morning we open two more cases, handsome patterns, in fine Checked Nainsook worth 20c. For Monday and Tuesday we offer them at 12 1-2c a yard.

swiss, **20**0 DOTTED

Come in five different sizes besides several beautiful figures, worth 80ca yard. We offer the lot until sold at 20c.

PRINTED DELAINES, 18C

The balance of 28 pieces in assorted designs and colors. We place on sale Saturday at 18c; regular price 25c.

hobbled horses they saddled them at double quick. Leading the two horses of the dead men they struck through the prairie toward the Rio Grande.

A faint streak of light was barely tinging the horizon when a troop of rangers could be seen silently surround ing the timber which contained the Wells. Each rider was bending on his saddle, rifle in hand, watching for those they were pursuing. However, day-light came clear and bright and the sun rose above the line of the timber, but the troopers detected no movement and no human being made his appearance.

"That scoundrel of Cooney must have fooled us, and he must have decamped with our money and his confederates," said Captain McLean to his lieutenant. "Let us ride in and see,"answered the

lieutenant. "By no means," said Captain Mc-Leans "we might be surprised and lose a few men. Those fellows won't do to trifle with; we will close on them regularly with the whole company. Captain McLean gave the orders, and

ing in its circle. McLean was riding forward, when his horse gave a sudden plunge, rearing almost erect on his haunches.

"Great God," cried the lieutenant; "captain, look under you! Look at those By this time the troop had united at

Wells, and all dismounting, the

captian turned over the bodies.
"Cooney, was true, after all" he said and no doubt they had an explanation and a fight." "But who is this?" he asked, looking

at the other body. The whole troop looked at the pallid features of the dead outlaw, but they looked in vain. His features were as

unknown to them as his name. The two bodies were thrown into a sink in the prairie, and the mesquite over which they had coursed so often the terror of the frontier, now covers them out of sight of foes or of friends, if friends they ever had.

STORIES OF COBRAS.

The King of Oude and His Den of Ser pents-The Snake and Frogs.

Dr. Richards came one day to see a lady patient at my house, says a writer Longman's Magazine. He arrived in a palauquin, which was put down in the portico. He went to the lady's room and paid her a brief visit; and when he came out of the room he went to the palanquin and brought out a large cobra which he had brought over to show me, in order to prove by experiments in my presence that a particular kind of wood, which a native faker declared to be an antidote to snake poison, was of no value. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the experiments, but his familiarity with the deadly snake was quite alarm-ing. I could not help wondering what his lady patient would have said if she had known that he had brought a snake with him to the house, for she was terribly nervous about snakes. The snake house in the Zoological

gardens in the Regent's park is a most perfectly designed building for keeping the snakes in health and for exhibiting them to the public. The late king of Oude had built a snakery in the garden of his palace at Garden Reach, near Cal-It was an oblong pit about thirty feet long by twenty feet broad, the walls being about twelve feet high, and perfeetly smooth, so that a snake could not climb up. In the center of the pit there was a large block of rough masonry, perforated so that it was as full of holes as a sponge. In this honeycombed block the snakes dwelt; and when the sun to dispose of the bodies, nor even to the snakes dwelt; and when the sun look at them, but searching for their shone brightly they came out to bask or

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.

LADIES'

Monday morning we offer all of our 75c Fast Black Hose to make room for a new shipment of our celebrated "Sanitary" Hose. Monday and until sold all at 50c.

FAST BLACK HOSE.

50 dozen, warranted not to crock or discolor the feet with perspiration. Ladies' can rely on their being absolutely fast black. Sale price 25c a pair.

3 Pairs for \$1.00.

These are an accumulation of Ladies' Plain Colors and Striped Hose, in all about 80 dozen. They have sold from 40c to 50c a pair. To close the lot we offer them all at one price-3 pairs for

BOYS' 35c.

These are made specially for ooys. Come with double knee double heel and toe, and worth 50c. For one week our price will be 35c a pair.

AGENTS FOR BUTTERICKS PATTERNS

to feed. His majesty used to have live the frogs. When a large snake catches a small frog, it is all over in an instant; but if a smallish snake catches a largish frog, so that he cannot swallow it at once, the frog's cries are piteous to hear. Again and again I have heard them while out shooting, and have gone to the bush or tuft of grass from which the piercing cries came-sometimes in time, sometimes too late to save poor froggy, though the snake generally got shot. As a final story, let me tell how a frog has been seen to turn the tables on the snake. Two gentlemen in Cachar some years ago saw a small snake seize small frog and attempt to smallow it. But suddenly a large frog jumped for-ward, seized the snake's tail, and began to swallow the snake. How the affair might have ended cannot be told, be cause my friends imprudently drew near to watch the combat, when the frogs and the snake took alarm, and the big frog disgorged the snake's tail, and and the snake released the little frog,

and they all scuttled off.

He Awaited Results. Detroit Free Press: "What are you doing here?" asked a policeman of a colored man who had his eye glued in a knot-hole in an alley fence on the Brush farm the other morn

"For what?" "Results."

doahs

"What results?" "Man sent me up to whitewash de kitchen ceilin'. Woman said she'd do de job herself an' save fo' bits." "Well?"

"She's mixed the liquid, sah, hunted up an ole brush wid about fo'teen ha's in it. Now she's gittin' ready. She's tied an apron ober her head, stuck a broom-handle into de brush an' is lug-gin' de pail into de house. Now de ired gal is puttin' all de cha'rs out

"Anything else?" asked the officer after a long wait. "Jist a minute, sah; de results ar' al most heah." Another minute went by and then there was a wild yell from the house,

followed by a crash, and the man at the knothole chuckled. "Jist like I figgered! De woman appears. Boaf eyes are full of lime, an' when she fell off de cha'r she almos' busted ebery bone in her body. Now de hired gal has come out. Now de woman in de nex' house runs in. Now de vic-tim sots down on a box an' dey ar' rubbin' her eyes wid a rag. Now de hired gal runs into de house to ring up de po-lice an' de fire engines an' de doctors,

"And what?" "I'll call agin arter dinner an' dev'll welcome me wid hostile arms an' give me de fo' bits an' frow in an ole suit of clothes!

HATCHING HARD BOILED EGGS. A Chicago Merchant's Scheme to At tract a Crowd. A man who sells butter, eggs and

heese in a State street basement has invented an advertising dodge that will probably get him mobbed, says the Chi-cago Herald. On one side of the hole in the pavement, which is the entrance to shops of that class, stands a glass case. For months past it has contained samples of butter and cheese, but yes terday morning its contents inspired a degree of astonishment in passersby that caused a large number of people to be late to business. What they saw was a dozen highly-colored Easter eggs on a cast-iron arrangement with a lighted

Constantly alive to the wants of the public we have much pleasure in introducing to our cus-tomers our NEW POTTERY DEPARTMENT. All China shown by us are newest styles imported direct from the factories of Bavaria, Bohemia, Saxony, Silesia, Thuringia and Westpha-

To facilitate the handling of our enormous stock we have placed on our main floor, on separate

counters, 4 special bargains: Counter Number 1:

Contains a large variety of Cups and Saucers, Spoon Holders, Plates, Mustard Dishes, Water Pitchers, Teapot Stands, Fruit Dishes, etc., etc., all at 25c.

Counter Number 2:

Contains China and Glass Water Pitchers, Fruit Plates, Cups and Saucers, Toilet Bottles, Bone Plates, etc., etc., all at 50c.

Contains Salad Dishes, Toilet

Bottles, Butter Dishes, Water

Pitchers, Cream and Sugar Sets,

Counter Number 3:

Cups and Saucers, etc., etc. Choice 78c. Counter Number 4:

Contains Water Pitchers in both China and Glass, Vaces, Salad Dishes, Bread and Milk Sets, 3 piece Tea Sets, Fruit and Confectionery Dishes, Cake Plates, Cups and Saucers, besides a lot of other useful articles too numer-

ous to mention. Our stock is also replete with finer goods ranging up to \$5 and \$6. We invite an inspection.

frogs put into the pit, and amused himself by seeing the hungry snakes catch the frogs. When a large snake catches eggs were indented, and through a crack in one could be seen a little chick actually caught in the act of being hatched! Around the floor of the case bits of colored shell were scattered, and, most marvelous of all, the chickens which had just pecked their way out of them and were hopping about as lively as crickets, were, like the eggs, of all the colors of the rainbow. A thermometer resting against the cast-

iron arrangement registered 621°.
"That's right," said a seedy, middleaged man carrying a dinner basket; "that's the temperature required to hatch eggs artificially. Even 62° would chill 'em, and 63° would give 'em the pip."
"W'y bless my soul" cried an old lady who had driven in from the coun-

try with a firkin of butter, "who ever sot eyes on a pink an' blue chicken before! "Ain't the eggs the same color?" inquired the man with the dinner basket

argumentatively.
"So they be, but what has the color of the eggs to do with the color of the chicks. "Maybe the colorin' soaked through, suggested a farmer whose load of radshes and lettuce was awaiting a purchaser around the corner on South Water street. "You see the chick that's just bein' hatched is white an' so is the

"Bah," said a new comer contemptu-ously, "they're Easter eggs and they've been boiled. Did you ever hear of a boiled egg hatching?" By this time the sidewalk was blocked clear to the curb, and the debate as to how the chickens came to be colored like the eggs had become general and rather excited. The seedy man in-sisted that it was a natural law that newly hatched chickens were invaribly of the same color as the shell of the egg which gave them birth. He quoted scripture in support of his position; if Jacob could raise striped cattle or not at his own sweet will, why could not a true believer of the nineteenth century raise red, white and blue chickens? The seedy man succeeded in convincing nearly everybody but the indididual who had asserted that the eggs were

boiled, and consequently could not be hatched. "These chickens," he said, "have been hatched out by some old hen and painted with a camel's hair brush and different colored inks by the propritor of the shop just to attract a crowd and advertise his business."

"Here comes the proprietor now," said the seedy man, "ask him." The proprietor was calm and business like. He opened the glass case, turned up the wick of the burning lamp a trifle, examined two or three of the eggs carefully, and shut up the case again. The crowd watched him in

breathless silence.
"Wern't those Easter eggs, boiled as hard as bricks?" inquired the skeptical individual, as the proprietor was returning to his basement.

"Certainly. Why do you ask?"
"And you expect them to hatch?"
"Why of course."
"What! hatch boiled eggs?"

cubator. "N-no: but—"
"Well, then, you don't know what
you're talking about." And the proprietor returned to his basement. After dark, when the crowd had dispersed, the seedy man emerged from

"Young man, did you ever run an in-

the basement, turned out the lamp in the glass case, threw an old coat over the parti-colored chicks, and put up the